

The History of

Fal. You rogue, here's Lime in this Sack too, there is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse then a cup of sacke with lime in it. A villanous coward, go thy waies, old *Lacke*, die when thou wilt: if manhood, good manhood be not forgot vpon the face of the earth, then am I a short-herring: there liues not 3. good men vnhangd in England, and one of them is fat, and growes old; God helpe the while; a bad world I say: I would I were a weauer, I could sing Psalmes, or any thing. A plague of all cowards, I say still.

Prince. How now *Wollacke*, what mutter you?

Fal. A Kings Son? if I doe not beat thee out of thy Kingdome with a dagger of Lath, and drine all thy Subiects afore thee like a flocke of Wild-geese, I le neuer weare haire on my face more, you Prin ce of *Wales*.

Prin. Why, you horson round man, what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward? answer mee to that, and *Paines* there.

Prin. Zounds ye fat paunch, and ye call me coward, by the Lord Ile stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward? I le see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward, but, I would giue a thousand pound I could runne as fast as thou canst. You are straight enough in the shoulders, you care not who sees your backe: call you that backing of your friends? a plague vpon such backing: giue mee them that will face me, giue me a cup of sacke, I am a rogue if I drunke to day.

Prin. O villaine, thy lips are scarce wip'd since thou drunk'lt left.

Fal. All's one for that. *He drinks.*

A plague of all cowards still, say I.

Prin. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter? heere bee foure of vs, haue tane a thousand pound this morning,

Prince. Where is it, *Lacke*, where is it?

Fal. Where is it? taken from vs it is: a hundred vpon poore foure of vs.

Prin. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at halfe sword with a dozē of them two houres together. I haue scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust thorow the Doublet, foure thorow the

Hose,

Henry the Fourth.

Hose, my buckler cut thorow and thorow, my Sword hack't like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I neuer dealt better since I was a man, all would not do. A plague of all cowards, let them speake; if they speake more or lesse then truth, they are villaines, and the sonnes of darknesse.

Gad. Speake, sirs, how was it?

Ross. We foure set vpon a dozen.

Fals. Sixteene at least, my Lord.

Ross. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fals. You rogue, they were bound, euery man of them, or I am a *lew* else, an Hebrew *lew*.

Ross. As we were sharing, some 6. or 7. fresh men set vpon vs.

Fals. And vnbound the rest, and then come in the other.

Prin. What, fought ye with them all?

Fals. All? I know not what you call all: but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of Radish: if there were not two or three and fifty vpon poore old *Lack*, then am I not two-leg'd creature.

Poin. Pray God you haue not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay that's past praying for, I haue pepper'd two of them: Two I am sure I haue payed, two rogues in Buckrom suites: I tell thee what, *Hal*, if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face; call mee Horse: thou knowest my old word: here I lay, and thus I bore my point: fore rogues in Buckrom set drine at mee.

Prin. What, foure? thou saidst but two, euen now.

Fal. Foure *Hal*. I told thee foure.

Poin. I, I; hee said foure.

Fal. These foure came all afront, and mainely thrust at mee; I made no more adoe, but rooke all their seuen points in my Target, thus:

Prin. Seuen? why there were but foure, euen now.

Fal. In Buckrom.

Poin. I, foure, in Buckrom suites.

Fal. Seuen by these Hilts, or I am a villaine else.

Prin. Prethee let him alone, wee shall haue more anon.

Fals. Doeft thou heare mee, *Hal*.

Prin. I, and marke thee too, *Lacke*.

Fals.